

My First Cake

By Halee

Five seconds were on the clock, the bakers raced around the kitchen. I was on the edge of my seat. Who will win, who will get eliminated? Who will be one of the final four? “Times up, bakers! Let’s see these cakes!”, the host shouted. The bakers looked worried, excited, and extremely nervous. The judges started to taste the exquisite cakes. “And the winner is...” The host stopped when the program read, to be continued. “No!” I shouted. I was so upset; my favorite show was left on a cliffhanger. Although, I started to wonder about baking. How do you do it? How did the kid bakers become so good?

I asked, “Hey dad, can you teach me how to bake?” “Sure, what do you want to bake?” my father replied as he looked at his iPad. “I don’t know. Which dessert is best for beginners?” I answered. “Well, a cake would be tasty. We can make a vanilla cake with vanilla buttercream.” My father answered. I smiled brightly as I headed to the kitchen.

In the meantime, I wondered, what could be in cake? I investigated the brown cabinet and found baking powder and vanilla extract. What else, I thought. I grabbed water, flour and sugar. I also found a bowl and measuring cups. “Alright, let’s bake! I need flour, sugar, eggs, butter, vanilla extract, baking powder, salt, and milk.” My father said as he read the recipe. “Why do we need eggs? I don’t want my cake to taste eggy. Also, why do we need butter?” I asked. “The eggs and the butter help with consistency. The cake won’t taste eggy it’ll taste like vanilla.” My father answered as he set the oven. I nodded in agreement.

“First, add the butter and sugar in the mixer and put it on setting three.” My father ordered. I took a look at the mixer as I put the sugar in the bowl, and thought, this is how the pros do it. I added the sugar and the butter and let it mix. “What’s next?” I asked. I was so happy that I was shaking. I felt like a puppy waiting for a doggy treat. “We need to start the flour mixture. Combine the dry ingredients in this bowl.” My father stated as he gestured to the large bowl on the counter. “Dry ingredients? What are those?” I asked, with a puzzling look on my face. “Flour, salt, and baking powder are dry ingredients.” My father

responded. I combined the dry ingredients in the bowl and used my black whisk to mix up the ingredients.

Immediately, I felt so much pride and happiness as I mixed the ingredients that I didn't realize that I spilled some ingredients on myself! I wiped the flour off of my unicorn shirt while father said, "Time to add the eggs. Watch and learn" My father tapped the egg on the counter and then used both of his finger to pry it open. When the egg opened, clear egg whites came out, along with the yellow egg yolk and into the mixer. "That's how you crack an egg. Want to give it a try?" Father asked. I nodded in excitement. I took an egg from the cart, tapped on the counter, and placed my finger on the egg just like father did. This was the moment of truth. Will the egg crack? Will pieces of the shell end up in the bowl? My heart was pounding so loud that I couldn't hear the egg crack. Did I do it?

"Yes! You did it, Halee!" My father congratulated. I smiled so brightly that my cheeks hurt. I put the mixer back on and continued mixing the dry ingredients. "Add half of the dry ingredients." Father read from the recipe. "What does the recipe mean by half?" "We have about two cups of dry, so take one cup and put it in the mixer." My father clarified. I put the dry and let it mix. I added the milk and the dry and let mix one final time. Dad poured the cake batter into both of the pans.

Then, dad put the two cake pans on the top oven rack. "Alright, we need to clean up the kitchen. Clean the counters and I'll clean the dishes." Dad sated. I started to clean the counter, but the scent of my cake distracted me. I couldn't help wondering about the taste. Would it taste light and fluffy? Would it have a melt in your mouth taste? I felt like I was in wonderland, with all of the thoughts swirling around my brain. Before I knew it, the cakes were cooling.

Father started to frost the cakes with store bought frosting. He used a slow swerving technique, while I used a messier, unprofessional technique. Soon the cakes were frosted and ready to eat!

Lastly, I sliced the cake. I thought about everything I learned today, learned what dry ingredients and wet ingredients are, I learned how to crack an egg, and learned the process of the baking a cake. I took a bite of the cake and all I could say was, "Yum!" The cake was the best thing I

ever tasted. It was moist, buttery, soft, melt in your mouth taste. The cake was like happiness in your mouth. I never wanted to stop eating it. The cake tasted like the box cake, but a hundred times better. If I baked this cake on Kids Baking Championship, I'll probably win.

As I took my last bite on my third serving of cake, I thought more and more about baking. Baking was really fun, and my creation came out delicious. I think that I want to pursue baking as a hobby. Who knows? Maybe I'll become good enough to compete on Kids Baking Championship.